FIRST OUR HOMES; THEN OUR STATE; FINALLY THE NATION: THESE CONST SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1867.

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"THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

The full of the Silviker's hammer, here in-PUBLISHED AT ORAN GEBURG, C. S

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coupy one named of the time of the SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor. los CHARLES H. HALL, Publisher.

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Sche	lule South	Carolina J	tai! Rond.
of To be	Down	Passenger.	. 1
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· Arrive p	t Charleston	At your runt wi	ind I goal h

Beside the springs of Dove,-A maid, whom there were none to praise, And very few to love.

A violet, by a mossy stone Fair as a star, when only on Is shining in the sky,

She lived unknown; and few could know When Lucy ceased to be: But she is in her grave, and-Oh-The difference to me!

LITERARY.

[FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.] Memories of Migration.

Travelers' letters have been so often written, and the topics usually treated, of by those who go away from home to see the world are therefore so very trite, that few care to read them. Yet, I hope Mr. Editor, that your readers will indulge me a little while I jot down a few brevities concerning my sights and experiences while abroad; for I too have been traveling. This much for an lintroduction. I won't presume on anybody's patience, and write a long one, and only pause further from my parration of facts, while I ask, that as I am no poet, my readers will not charge me with drawing on my imagination.

Yes, Mr. Editor, I've been traveling-Have sailed on the broad, blue Atlantic, and been "rocked on the bo om of the deep;" have felt the cool sharp breath of Eolus's subjects, and seen the waves at their beck rise into hills; have watched the hungry fish pursuing the ship, and wondered if they were hoping a Jonah was on board; have condoled with those who who were sick of the sea, and laughed at those who were sea-sick; have seen the moon, with her pale round face, rise as if out of the waters: and while studying the stars, thought of Byron's Ocean scene-

"Blue rolled the Ocean, blue the sky . have steamed up New York's beautiful harbor.

COMMISSIONERS TO APPROVE SECURITIES-J. G. and as the mighty City from afar loomed up dimly, have wondered if "distance lent enchantment to the view"; have been "glad once Mutson, Harpin Riggs, E. Esekiel, Joseph P. Har- more to get on shore," and have been aroused from my newly-found bliss, by being subjected to the annoying importunity of rapacious hackmen; have walked the thronged streets of Gotham, and with humility felt my utter insignificance, as the torrent of living humanity went surging by; have feasted my eyes on the marvels of the great City, and my palate on the luxurions viands with which Milords of Hotels tempt their guests; have been humbugged at Barnum's Musuem, and in revenge wished to pinch the fat arm of his corpulent baby; have satisfied my artistic yearnings, by tiring my eyes with critical inspections of the beautiful master-pieces of being Artists, in the Art Union Hall; have been whirled to Cen-David L. Conner, J. B. Milhous, Henry N. Snell, deer, and the swans, and the fish, and the deer, and the swans, and the fish, and the fashionables that live there; have tried to get a glimpse of some of the "fairy belles," whose beauty I had seen so often eulogized, but have succeeded only in finding that their charms were much exaggerated; have illustrated South Carolino, by strutting among the aristocracy, palmetto hat on my head, and a fine havana between my teeth; have seen the lions, and heard them roar; have talked with Radicals, and discussed war experiences with Federal ex-heroes; have traveled with lightning speed over the fast railroads of the fast Empire State; have courted the Muse under the inspiration of the magnificent scenery, which has rendered classic the renowned Hudson River; have made wry faces while experimenting in Saratoga water, and looked happy while scated at the loaded table .. a floating palace on Lake Champlain; have on through the morning mist the verdantslo, sof the Green Mountains, and sailed over the waters, upon whose bosom McDonough won for himself immortality; have temporarily expatriated myself, and in the old town of Montreal, sung, under the Cross of Saint George, "God save the Queen"; have refreshed my fingers in this specie-paying town with silver quarters, and been tempted to break the tenth Commandment, at the sight of the glittering gold, which plentifully circulates there; have witnessed general wealth and prosperity, and painfully drawn the contrast

suggested by the condition of my own poverty

and my Southern pride has been gratified at lected him as his midnight champion against the contrast; have ___ but, Mr. Editor, I have musquitos. already too far extended my brevities; and,

lest I tire you and our readers, I will close by simply stating, that I have returned home, loving Carolina more than ever, and satisfied I may but be with them, when the evil days are past, and the sunshine of prosperity shall again shed its haleyn beams upon us. God send our down trodden land hi speedy deliver-

While in Montreal (let me add in a less concise style) it was my pleasure and privilege, to be present at one of the pleasantest Christian gatherings, that this Continent has ever witnessed. Six hundred young men, representing the Christian Associations of the United States and British Provinces, there met as brothers in the same noble cause, having the same master, and sharing the same high hopes. Northerners and Southerners, Federalists and Democrats, Monarchists and Republicans, for the time at least, laid aside their political or national prejudices and animosities, and consulted together as to the best methods of laboring for the salvation of the young. The harmonizing power of Christianity was wonderfully manifested, and I thought that appropri ately could have been inscribed over the pulpit of the Church, in which we met, the passage of St. Paul: "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, but Christ is all, and in all." The influence of this Convention will be long felt in Canada, and throughout the Northern and Western States; and I trust that its effects political persecution. A little leaven may morning. leaven the whole lump.

It was my privilege also in Montreal, to visit and pay my respects to our honored ex- and then Phew said : President, Jefferson Davis. Physically much Fortress Monroe, and still an exile from his friends and his home, he was yet comparativein his sympathy for the sufferings and humiliations of his people. He expressed himself as hopeful that Providence would over rule the resent evil to our ultimate good, and thought hat at least, the young of our land would see the South rise from her degradation, and be again blest with plenty, prosperity and happi-

SELECTED STORY.

The Giant Musquito,

OR THE

DARKEY'S WATCH

It was in that golden era of the South, when lanters were as serenely happy as the pariarchs of old; when cotton, rice, tobacco. and sugar had not yet become disturbing influences in the politics of the land; when our good-natured ancestors were content to let the urse or blessing of slavory rest alone upon the heads of those who flourished by it, and felt satisfied and strong enough to bear it; when slaves cared not a pinch of snuff for the benefits of education, so long as they had plenty of 'possum-fat and hominy, pork and beans, tobacco and the New England essence of sugarcane, and felt as proud of their masters' wealth as if they had all the cares of its possessionsyes, it was in those palmy days of the let-alone policy of the Union, that Col. Dick Tearaway lived in his glory as a Georgian planter, dispensed the fruits of his prosperity with a princely hand, and had surveyed with annual satisfaction the joyous growth and multiplication of his niggers.

The Colonel was a kind-hearted and courageous man, there seemed to be but one evil on earth of which he was afraid, or which was able to disturb his equanimity. That evil pest and abomination was-musquitos. With regard to them he was particularly sensitive and thin-skinned; the bumps which followed their bites upon his person were always double the ordinary size, poignance, and duration, and the venom thereof seemed to enter into his spirit while the smart lasted. Hence it was that one summer on his return from abroad their renewed onslaughts were specially intolerable and as musquito-nets were in that age unknown. the tormented planter appointed one of his slaves to the exclusive office of setting up all night by his bed side, and keeping off musquitos.

This darkey's name was Confucius, commanv called "Phew," for short, and the only resemblance he probably bore to the Chinese philosopher was his fondness for "pigtail." He was black as an India-rubber ball, and almost as round, but he had none of its bounding

the "greatest nation, &o," and of the Canrdian ry laziness; and it was, perhaps, on account of subjects of Victoria Regina, and compared this particular talent, which made him almost them with those of our own afflicted people, useless on the plantation, that his master se-

You may sleep, drink, play, do whatever you like by day, Phew," said the Colonel; "be your own master in all things; but you must be punctual and wide awake at night, and see to share the present tribulations of her sons, if that no cursed musquito sucks my blood, poisons my body, or disturbs my slumbers. you are good for nothing else, you ought to be good for that."

The eyes of the fat son of Ham whitened

"I gorry! Colonel Tearaway, I'll do dat and tank yer, too. And yer won't say noffin bout my gwine wid. Phillis, and doin' noffin, and drinkin' rum, and sleepin' in do corn-field, and gwine to scamp meetin', and lvin', and swarrin' and stealin' tings, arter dat-long as I does it in de daytime."

"Not one word, Phew. Nobody shall trouyou, if you keep the musquitos from troubling me at night."

Phew gave a yell of delight, and turned summerset immediately, and, shaking his fists in the air cried out

'Jess luff dem dam 'skeeters come on-dat's

He was loud and profuse in his promises of sleepless vigilance, and took his seat with great pomp that night by his master's couch, briskly waying a goose's wing; and the Colonel fell confidently asleep and dreamed of a black angel, battling, with heavenly pinions, against myriads of evil spirits. But, not withstanding all this it was evident that the sable sentinel was careless of his charge, for the indignant will be seen in softening the acrimonies of our planter found many bites on his person next

Phew at first insisted they were bug-bites, but his master swore he knew the difference.

"I 'clar, Massa Tearaway, it does 'pear dat a broken by his sufferings while incarcerated at few skeeters did git at yer, in de course ob de ebenin ; but wut's dem few to de hole number dat I drobe away from yer? My sakes! if I'd ly comfortable, and seemed to forget himself let em, dev'd ate yer up alive. More'n dat, I isn't quite broke into de business yet."

> The Colonel believed, repeated his injunctions of vigilance, and went to sleep under the darkep's auspices again.

But Phew had meanwhile grown dignified at his immunity from all other responsibilities, and his unrestrained liberty by day made him restive at his confinement by night. So, grumoling, he soliloquized.

"Mitey poor business dis am, for a likely nigger like me, to be watchin skeeters all night! Wonder if de Colonel tinks dey don't bite niggers as well as white folks? Wonder wut de debbil made skeeters fur keepin' me up all night heah, like a dam ole owl! I won't do it no more, arter dis night. It's lowerin' myseff. . Ha! dere's one! I hear 'em comin'! Ping-ng-ng! Ping, ping! Shut you ugly mouf, you loafer yer, or I'll crack yer jaw. Now he's gone, and I'm good mind to take a small wink ob sleep, till dey begin to get thick. Tan't quite time for a rush vet-I wish I had annoder quart ob dat primer-"

"Um" he would have said, but his jaw fell, his lips parted like two pounds of liver, and the word was lost in a resounding snore. The watchful darkey was asleep.

But his brain was busy, if not his eyes; and he kept on grumbling in his dream, so loudly, that the Colonel, stirred by a few musquitonips, woke up and detected his negligent sentry, his black hand convulsively clutching the snowy wing of the goose.

"The rascal! This accounts for the bites. He gets drunk all day and sleeps it off in my chamber at night. He's dreaming. Phew !"

"Bedam if dis chile gwine to watch skeeters any more," muttered Phew, still asleep, "fur de Colonel or anybody else. Nigger must hab

"And have white folks to watch them-eh. Phew?"

"Dat's it," replied the sleeping watchman "Dat's jest it." "Upon my word! And what will you do,

you consequential darkey, if you are not al lowed to do as you please day and night?" "I dunno; but I think I'll hab to pull foot

and run away, if de Colonel don't permote me up a little furder." "Get down a little first!" muttered the exasperated Colonel, tilting Phew's chair, so that

he tumbled upon the floor, and waking, started

up to find his master apparently asleep. 'Sleep's like a pig," said Phew: "and I gorry! I was ormoss asleep myself."

"Something must be done to keep that nigger awake," thought the Colonel, next day, when he found his person profusely speckled like a current-pudding. "I have it-I'll terrify him !"

He now called Phew, referred in a feeling manner to his bites, and added-

"But this is nothing to what the Giant Musquitos do-the great big Giant Musquitos, Jest hear dat!" menners and faces of the Northern denizers of the cause and consequence of his extraordina. Phew ! half the size of a man, as strong as a

horse and fierce as ten thousand wild cats ENebbed did Massel DWhereld they res

"Somewhere this side of the chi freapect; but they come this way once in twenty years, and this is the very year to expect them . They the summake, you'll find he is! wide awake, be ing away with a white man if they can got one

the superstitious African turning lead-color, and his eyes projecting like Prince's Bay oys-Yes, if they can catch him fool and take him away to the mountains where they suck my grandfather in that way, which is one reason why I have such a horror of musquitos in gon-The Dutch have Taken Hollandlar

Col. Tearaway related several thrilling anecdotes of the exploits of these bloodthirsty mammoths, and so aroused the slave's supersti-tious fears that he kept awake faithfully for a few nights more; but the tell tale bites soon reappeared, to signify that either Phew thought sleep in his belly. Trather think he smelt the Giant Musquito a humbug or, if he did not in the first place "borleper off guitoolise fear them less, he loved sleep more, aid big

"I swear I'll have exemplary vengeance!" now exclaimed the bitten planter, scratchin himself into a state of bloody rage. "I am nearly poisoned and itched to death by that lazy rasculs infidelity. The ingrate I I'll fix

Accordingly he dressed up Nat, a "likely bright boy" of sixteen, who was famous for his love of mischief, and the particular aversion of Phew, to enact the part of a Giant as possible, with tremendous gauze wings. plenty of angular legs, a humped back, a long slumbering at the door, apparently a huge upon him." had not a post to some man weighting a hundred pounds at least and No sooner had Phew done as directed, than

Phew had fallen asleep in the chair, as usual; and after getting into bed, the Colonel pinched him, and then pretended to be asleep The slugglish slave awoke with a start and a

cry of pain, and rubbed the pinch part with great, zeal.

"I gorry! if dat wasn't a Jint muskeeter: guess he must been a hossfly," he ejaculated: "and-great Fadder Abrum! wat's dat befor' de do'?" he added, with a howl of terror, a he now beheld the monster apparition. "Bedam if dat an't de Jint Muskeeter heseff! Look here Colonel, wake up dis minit, or ver done gone a dead man. Heah's de Jint 'Skeeter flowed right in de winder. Whar's your pistil? Put a ball troo him. Look soon!"

"I don't see anything, Phew," replied the Colonel, coolly rubbing his eyes. "You must be dreaming."

"Don't see dat ?" cried the horrified darkey. pointing at the object, even more hideous than

"It appears to me I do see something, now in that direction," said his master, straining his eyes. Bring me my eye-glass.

It was promptly brought, and Phew crouched, glaring and trembling by the bedside, as the Colonel calmly inspected the insect at the foot of the bed.

"My God! Phew, that is one of 'em! He has come either for you or me. O, my poor grandfather!" and the planter clasped his hands in prayer.

Why don't you put a ball troo him?" "He's covered with scales, Phew! No ball ever went through the hide of a Giant Musquito, yet But speak low; he is evidently asleep. One of the genus Culex-a he one. said the Colonel, continuing his inspection.

"Am he a genus ?" "Ay, one of the biggest and most ferocious

of gnats." "Am his name Nat, too? He'm ormost as

ugly as nigger Nat, and I 'bout as soon seen de debbil as any one ob em. Wat is you gwine to Speak lower! A blow from his wing would

smash your cocoanut. That poisonous, tubular sting would make you swell and burst with agony in less than five minutes-so don't wake him. What the devil did you let him for?" "I didn't luff him in, Massa; he come in

heself, when I was done gone dreaming." "Traitor, you didn't keep watch, then. If he kills both of us, it will be a judgment upon

you." "But dat won't help you, Massa," said Phew, logically; "you best kill him, darfore."

"If we survive, you shall be hung, unless you kill him; and if you survive, and I die, you will be hung, at any rate."

"Den if J is to die, anyhow," said Phew, sulkily, "I might jess as well luff him be. don't keer 'bout bein busled by a Jint Skeeterrudder die natrally by a rope, or a slow fire.

SAMOOL BERBER, Editor. FERRENCE, PIRILE, Associata Editor

The noise was fully in proportion to "Aush, Phew," haid the planter, in his mi

"Ki does dem big skeeters dream, s pone?

over just the well me biggers. And when

are very fond of negroes, but don't mind dy sprease its Hell want, ment, Heidebungen and dreaming of ment new of the off a pice of your flesh, and give it to him when he get ready, Phew. And when he sticks his billing that, we may get it diance to such of the dieser. It is not that, we may get it diance to such of the dieser. mandemografication dillior bas was restiment in the section of country "Then I'll leave you to him whole" said the Colonel, savagely, nestling down into lead and I'll keep hyself safe, under this lines sheet they can't ubide lines and links my

escape when he telves the door abus is least or flied out eff the windle with hogest vier an good Am she "fraid of linen ? do Massaladet luff me get into bed with you der, and bank "Let you sleep with me you rascal? you had not be builded in the cause of his coming? No. You shall the cause of his coming?

"But he'll smell you, in de second plantibe "No matter, he can't sting through lines."

Here the trumpet sounded again, a more wa
like blast, and the darkey's teeth chattered would at least register ... Haringimbook timber Jines beginning for con motor displate

wings 1: O Live hat shall dis chile day live "You deserve to die, Phew," replied the Colonel, peeping from a corner of the sheet; but I'll do what I can for you. On that table is a decanter. Pour out a glass of wine. The Musquito! The disguise was made as perfect told they're very fond of ft and white your into their heads. Hall smull it walk up, thrust his big billing and some he floored alust por stiff, tubular sting, all of a brownish hue; and er your self with a sheet, out of the hurgan for his soice a penny trumpet; and having suf drawer, and then sit down at the table, and sit for his voice a penny trumpet; and having suf-ficiently drilled Nat for the pantomime, the still, to provide him with more wine in case planter one night introduced him softly into one glass isn't enough and may heaver and the chamber, where he stood on all sixes, as if the linen sheet protect you fill keep an eye

> the musquito walked up to and around his sounded his trumpet inquiringly, to the creased horror of the covered darkey, and flich the Colonel hoarsely whispered : mil obuitanes

"His pipe's in the glass ! He's getting drunk, now. Don't say a word-don't sting stop that shaking !"

But this injunction was not obeyed, for sud-

denly Phew felt the sheet tightened around him, and he screamed and struggled, for his "There !" cried the Colonel, "I'll be hanged

f he hasn't spun a web around you, now like spider! That's for not keeping quiet. But don't move, if you value your life, and he may think you dead; and they never suck dead meat. But ah! he's going to sting you now, Savings lastitution, "doub qook the But see to The trumpet sounded venomously this time,

and the musquito pricked poor Phew deeply, with a darning-needle. "I golly, I can't stan dat! Murder!" shrieked the victim.

"Keep still, I tell you. The more you vell. the harder he'll sting; and unless you drink a hogshead of rum, you'll be poinsoned to death; even if he don't suck you dry," and it or borred

"You tole me he wouldn't tech linen " grouned Phew. fortantinarous saw robro on ben "But that sheet must must be cotton, if the stings through it. Does he? Do you really

feel him ?"

Here the musquite plied his probe with great force and rapidity.

"O! Ah! Gorramighty I guess you'd the

O, Lor ! Be's make for file window, and how !" And after a violent struggle and floundering upon the floor, during which he was repeatedly punctured in almost every part of his body, he continued to break loose, burst the sheet, and scramble out at the door, and thence out of the house, alarming the whole plantation with his diabolical howlings out

The Giant musquito, having well performed 4 his part, was now ordered to bed and the Colonel, having fini hed the decanter, turned f in again, and slept the sweet sleep of satisfied t

Meanwhile, the overseer, who was in the ecreet, forced the fugitive Phew to swallow half a gallon of rum, to kill the poison in his ... system; and on the morrow, when he became, conscious and told his marvelous story, the Colonel denied the whole of it, and assured a him it must be a dream, or a vision proceeding To be sure, Phew exhibeted the extensive

perforations to which he had been subjected? but Colonic Tearsway said they were hothing to what he had himself suffered; while nabers tain good for nothing nigger was pretonding to watch for him. both white and black.

Phew did not appear to take the hint and insisted always that he had been attacked by a Giant Musquito, yet he nover went to sleep again while watching for the approach of must

Here the inusquito sounded his penny authority of palements deproved not smoth